

28 December 1918.  
Coblenz, Germany.

Written Dear:-

I wrote you a long letter yesterday and am contriving by some "hook or crook" to write one to you every day, but it has made me go some on certain days. It seems however as if I have finally gotten things well straightened out and that from now on my troubles will be fewer. We are running a big big hospital, with much smaller quota of men than we are really entitled to and it is my duty to see that the men are so disposed that they do the most good. It is no small matter to assign this number of men to duty in a hospital, and know that in each place they have enough but no



more, than they need.

We are running a big store of commissary supplies, which needs storekeepers; a big Quartermaster Department which needs expert stenographers and clothing men; a laundry; two big bathhouses; a carpenter, mechanical, electrical and plumbing departments; tailor, barber, and shoe repair shops; a morgue; a drugstore and large medical supply department; a manufacturing and scientific laboratory; a kitchen to feed 1800 people; a big clothing and bedding sterilizer; an X-ray and photographic dept; an optical and dental department; a large surgery and all kinds of other hospitalization, as well as many other branches. As it is my business to see that every man is in the right place you can imagine



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that I have somewhat of a task  
to make the various assignments.  
Also, the above description will  
give you an idea as to what sort  
of a proposition it is to manage  
a plant like this.

Another of our officers received  
his orders home today. I am  
now beginning to hope. It  
may be that we can get  
out of our troubles sooner than  
we think. I wonder — but  
it does no good, and if we  
permit ourselves to become  
excited over a possibility which  
doesn't materialize, the dis-  
appointment will be all the  
greater. However it begins  
to look as if we were all  
to be ordered home sooner  
or later, and I hope I am  
ordered sooner. That isn't



selfishness is it dear?

The weather is still raining. I guess it is always raining here in the winter. It is funny we have no snow, for we are farther north than Michigan considerably. It seems as if we have had no winter and I am not at all worried about what can come in the line of weather now. Spring is too near already.

Rosy and I are planning on going downtown for dinner to-day. That is something we haven't done yet and I am not so very enthusiastic about it, for I don't know what we would get to eat there. But Rosy wants to go, so go we will.



Some night this week we expect to go for dinner with St. Foshee, the man from Butterworth Hospital, I wrote about the other day. It will be pleasant to talk over things at home with him and I am looking forward to the dinner with keen anticipation.

I have received no mail yet and believe me I am desperate. It has been so long since I have heard from home. I hope some comes today. I am going to send some money to you this pay day, and will send some each month that we are in touch with a U. S. Post



office. That is the only means  
we have of sending money now.

Well my Darling, I must  
close now. It is time for me  
to make my rounds and in-  
spection so I will stop, and  
continue tomorrow. I love you  
dearest. I love you. Kiss Glad  
and my dear babies for me.  
With all my love and lots  
of kisses to the dearest wife,  
mother, family and sister on  
earth.

Daddy.

Amel B Smith Capt MC.  
Evac Hosp. # 2. USA.  
Amel E. F. Germany.